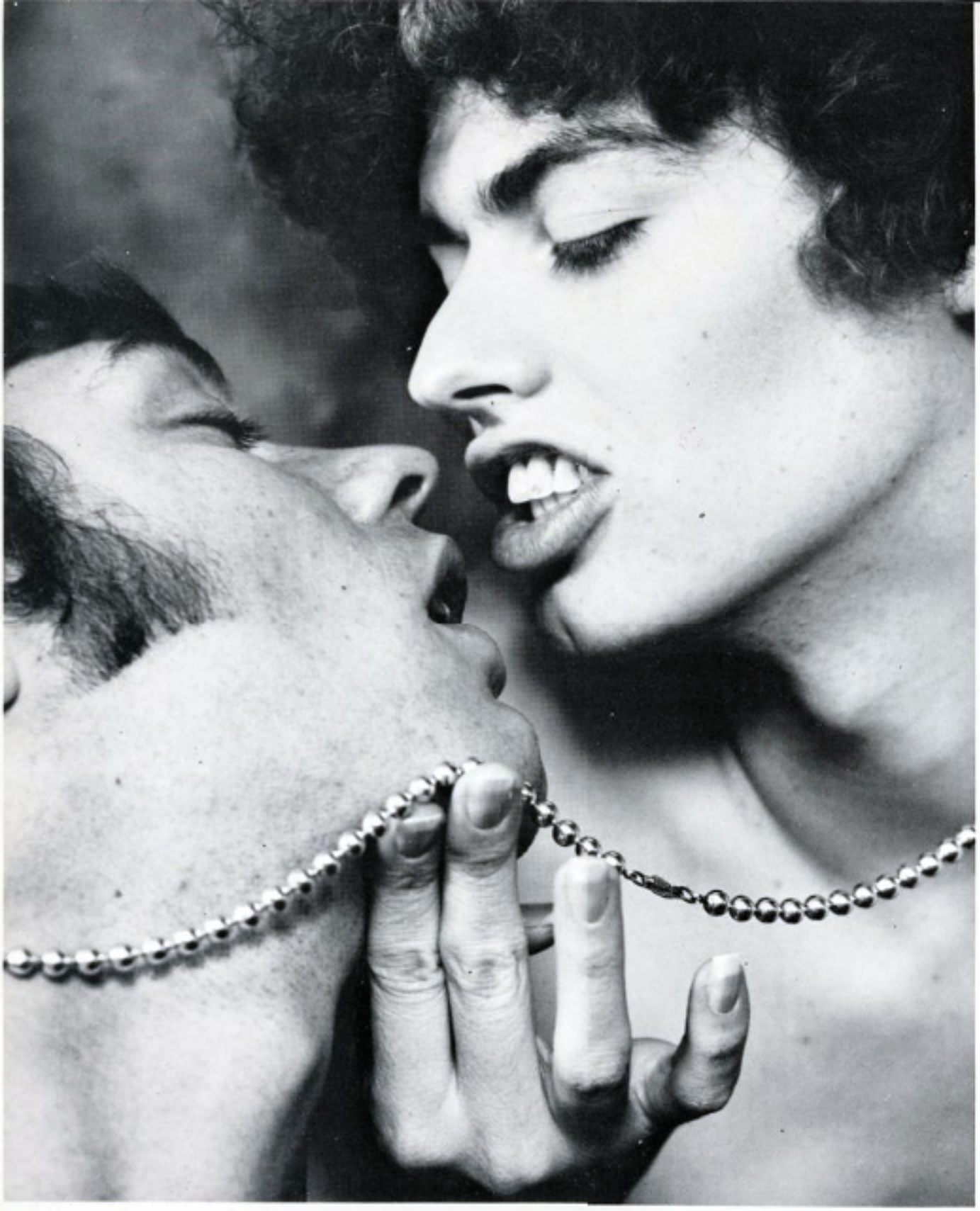
AN 'intimate' & GAY DIARY

3.00

VOL. ONE NO. ONE

WHEN IS a GIRL A BOY?

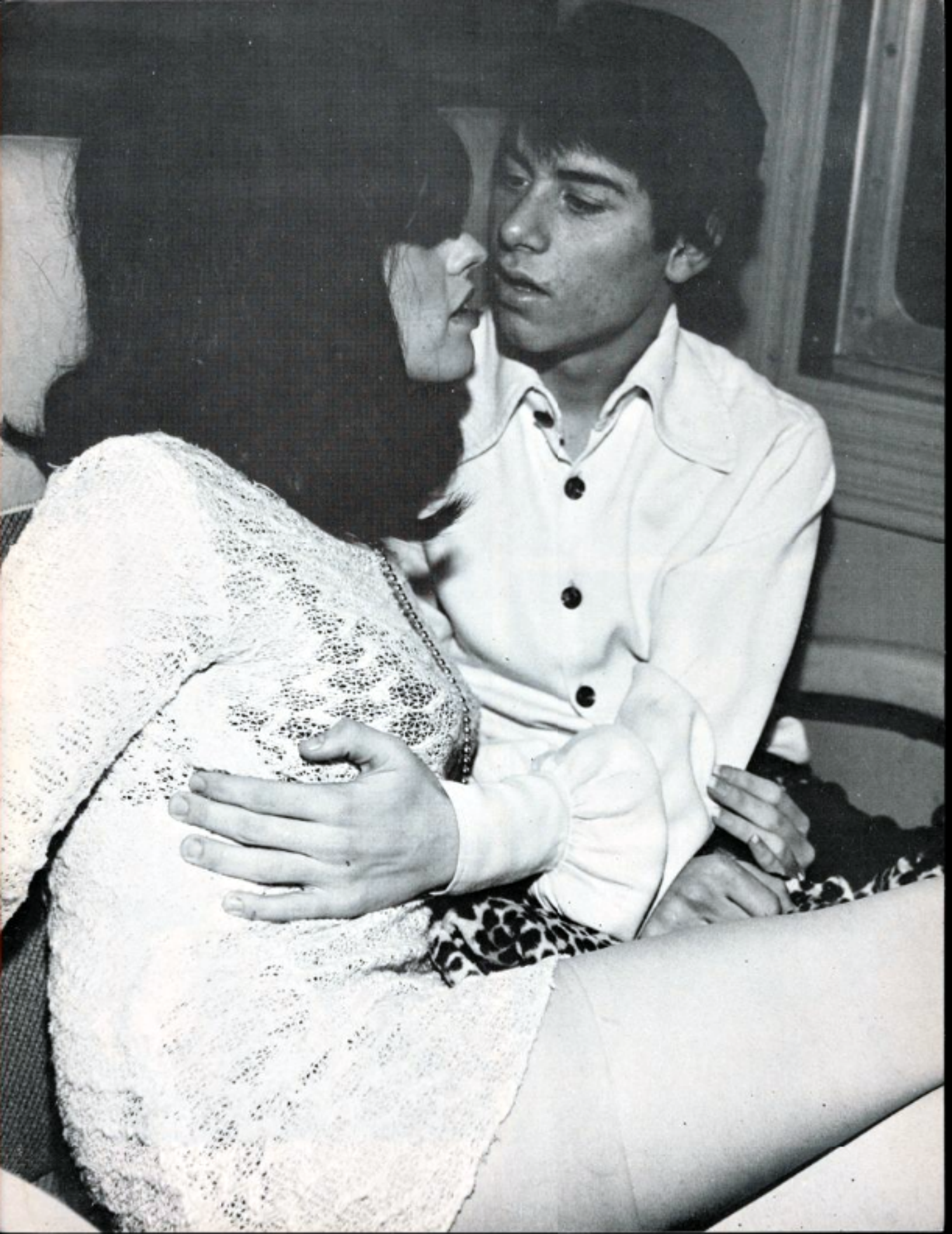
ADULTS ONLY–NOT FOR SALE TO MINORS



DEAR DIARY — HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Jan. 1

Everything has worked out much to my satisfaction. It's about time. After struggling with all those second rate movies here in New York, I've finally got a wonderful role in a great Hollywood film. The salary should be fantastic. Although I have not signed a contract as yet, my agent seems to think I'll have no trouble getting a thousand a week! I still don't believe it. When he called I thought it was a practical joke, but the next day he made an appointment with a producer from Hollywood, and I was required to read a few lines for him. He had heard about my part as an undercover homosexual for the FBI, and after he saw the film (Squeal!) he wanted me for **his** production. I'm packing everything I have—can't wait to see California. Guess I have to say goodbye to poverty, but I think I'll live through it!



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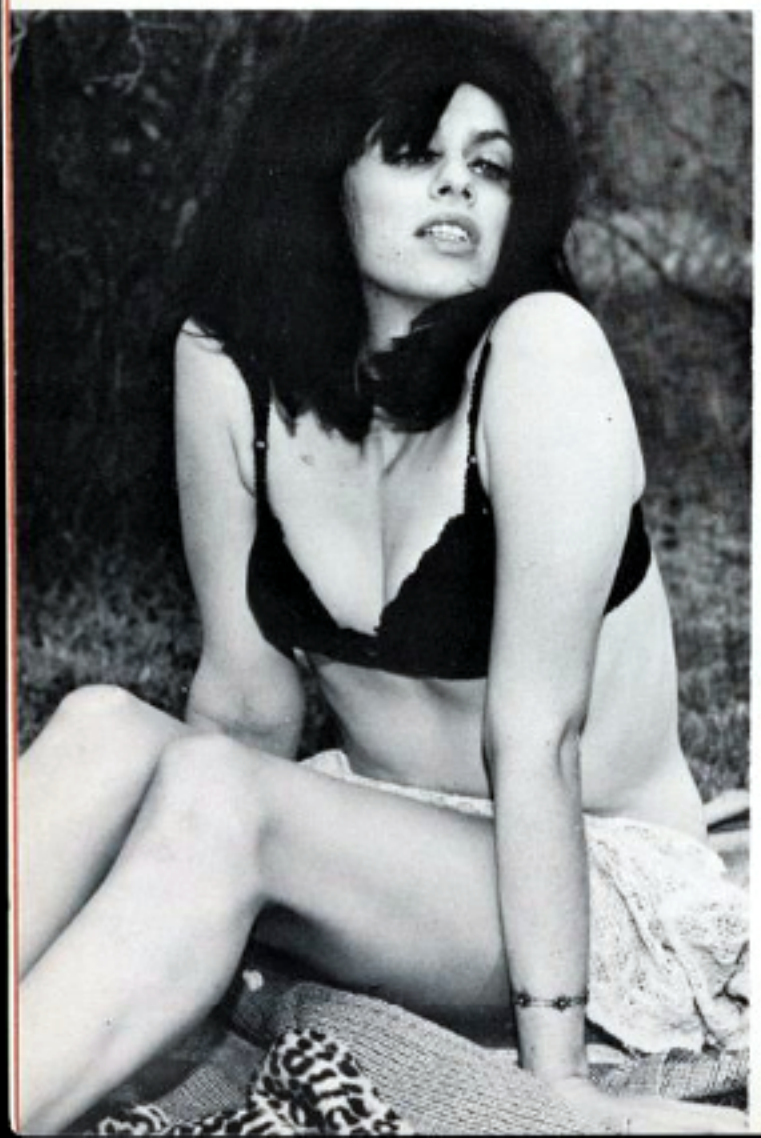


PHONE

Jan. 2, 3

Well, I missed two days, but I was so happy (and high) I just couldn't remember much that happened. My train leaves tomorrow—hope it's not a dull trip!

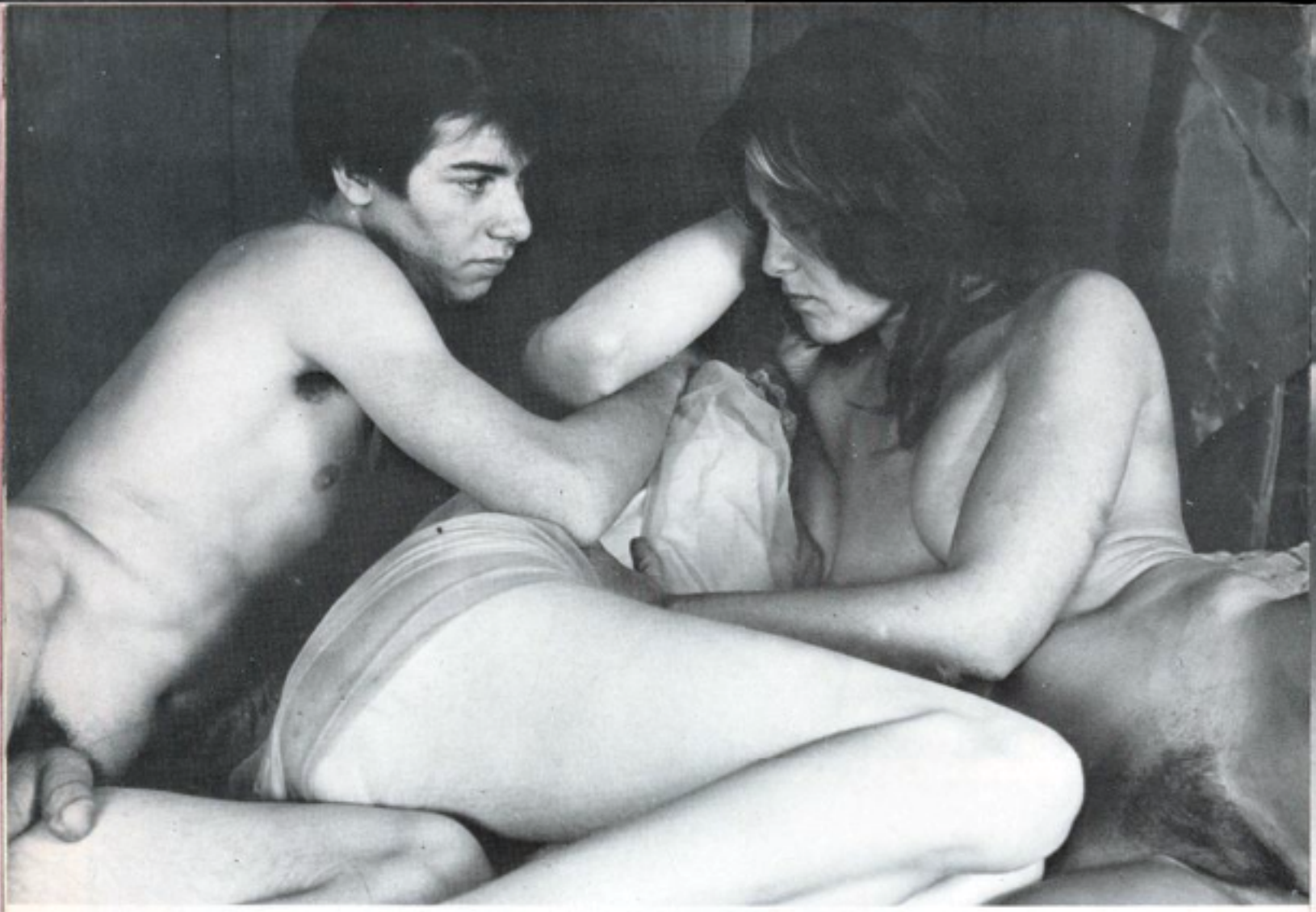
Jan. 4, 5

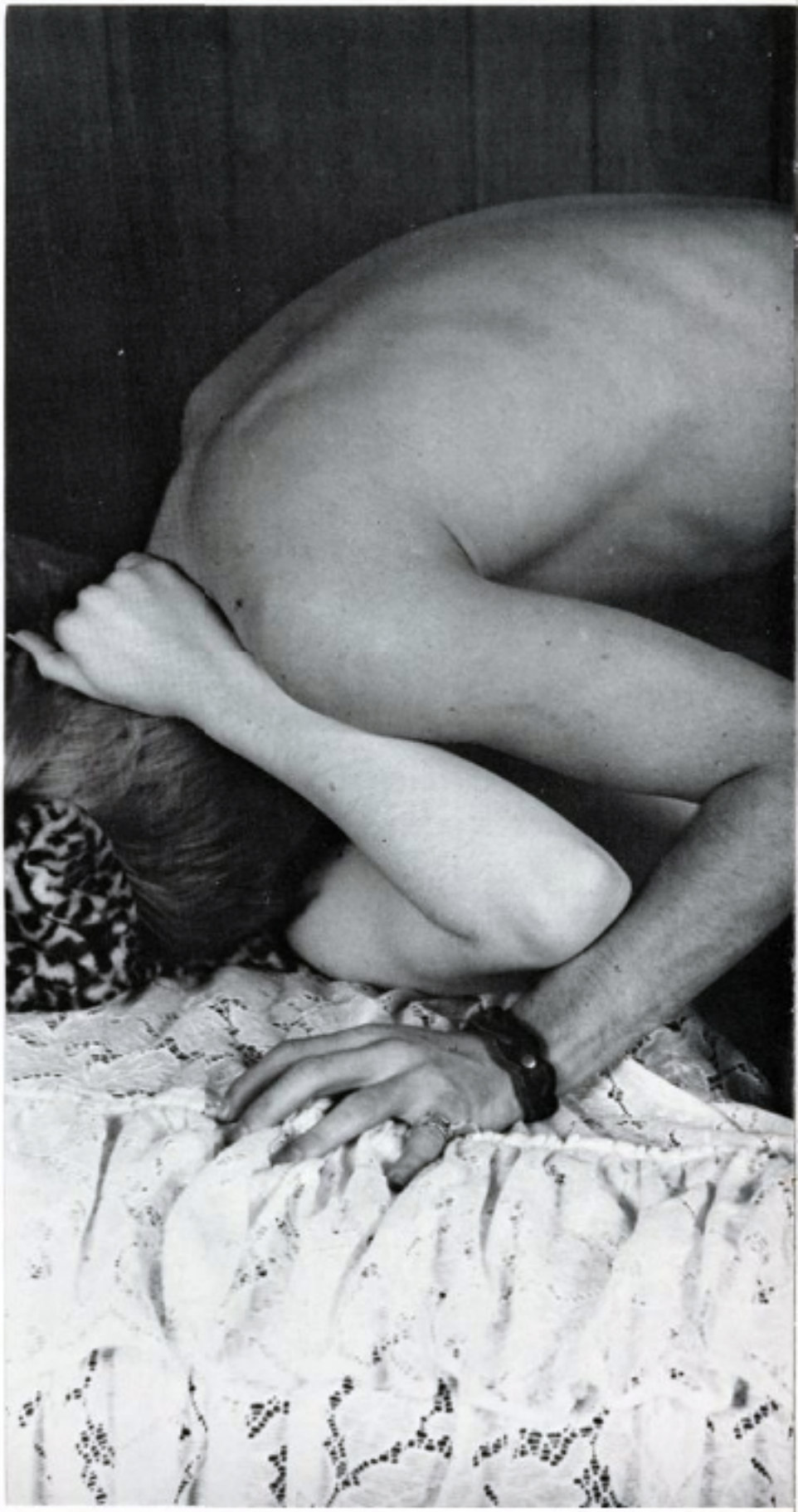
Another lousy two days, but tonight while eating dinner, I met Bobby. A really nice guy, but with a few problems. Seems like he's going to L.A. to marry his girl friend (who happens to be slightly pregnant). But I know he likes me also. He said he needed a good friend, and didn't care about anything else. He wondered if the three of us could get together some time, since his girl is very liberal and feels the same. Well, of course, I couldn't pass an opportunity like this! Wonder if I'll like her as much as Bobby?

TELEPHONE

Jan. 6

Welcome to L.A. Can't believe it—so beautiful here—just had to call my agent and thank him. I can't find the words, and the weather is fantastic! The apartment the studio found for me is perfect. Bobby is coming over tomorrow for lunch—and whatever!



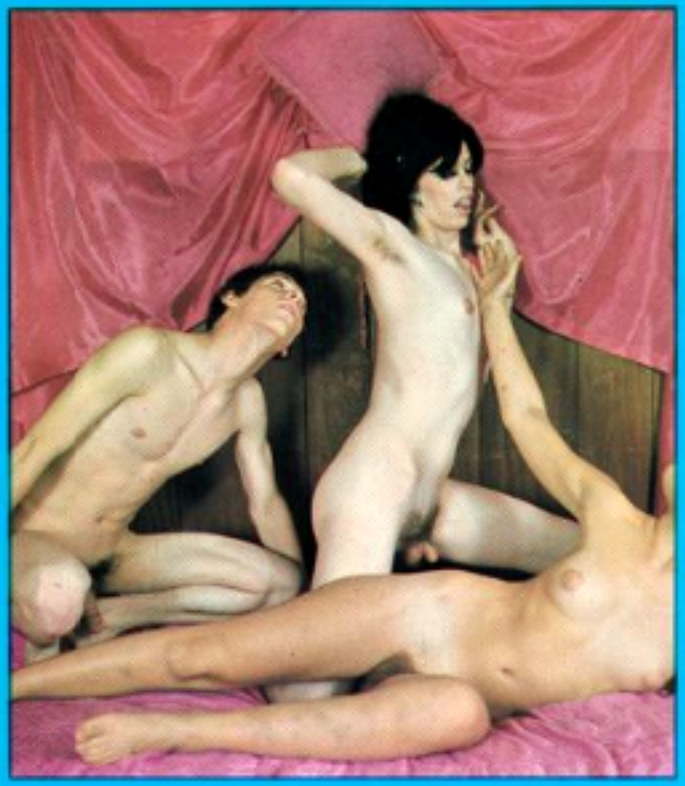


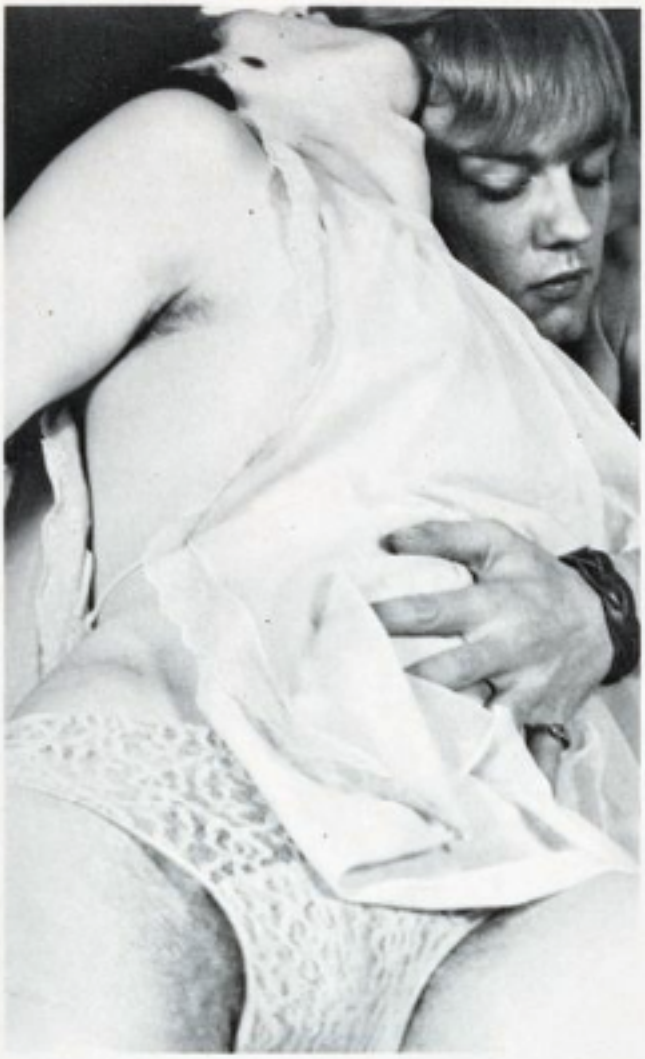
Jan. 7

Bobby is a dream! Just the two of us in the backyard. But some nosy busybody took a peek over the fence and we were forced to go inside. Next week have to report to the studio—what a thrill just being myself!

Jan. 8

Well, I met Janet—Bobby's girl. A wonderful person—and we got along so smashing! Sometimes I can get along with just about anybody, but Jan was too much. I think Bobby is a little jealous.



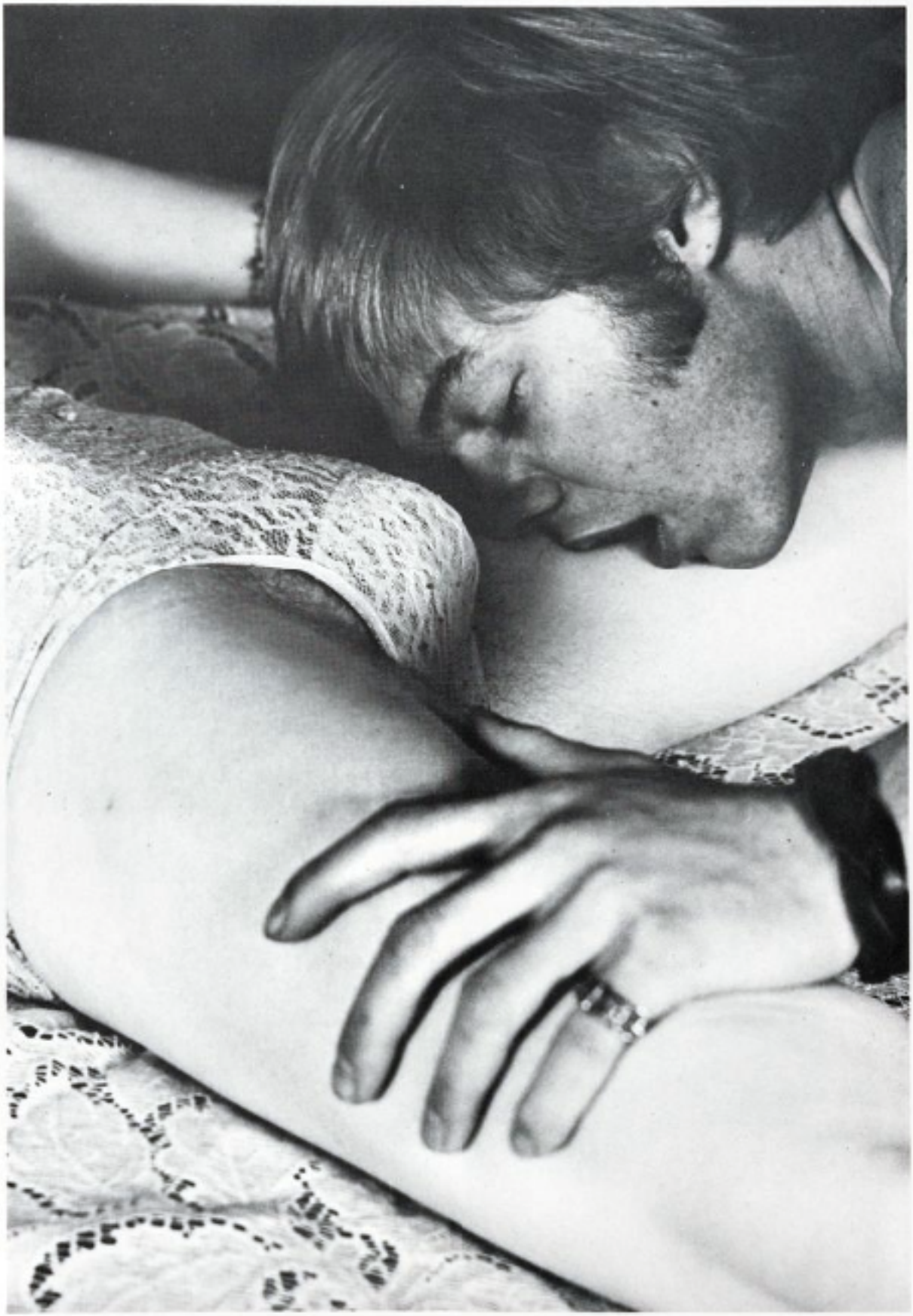


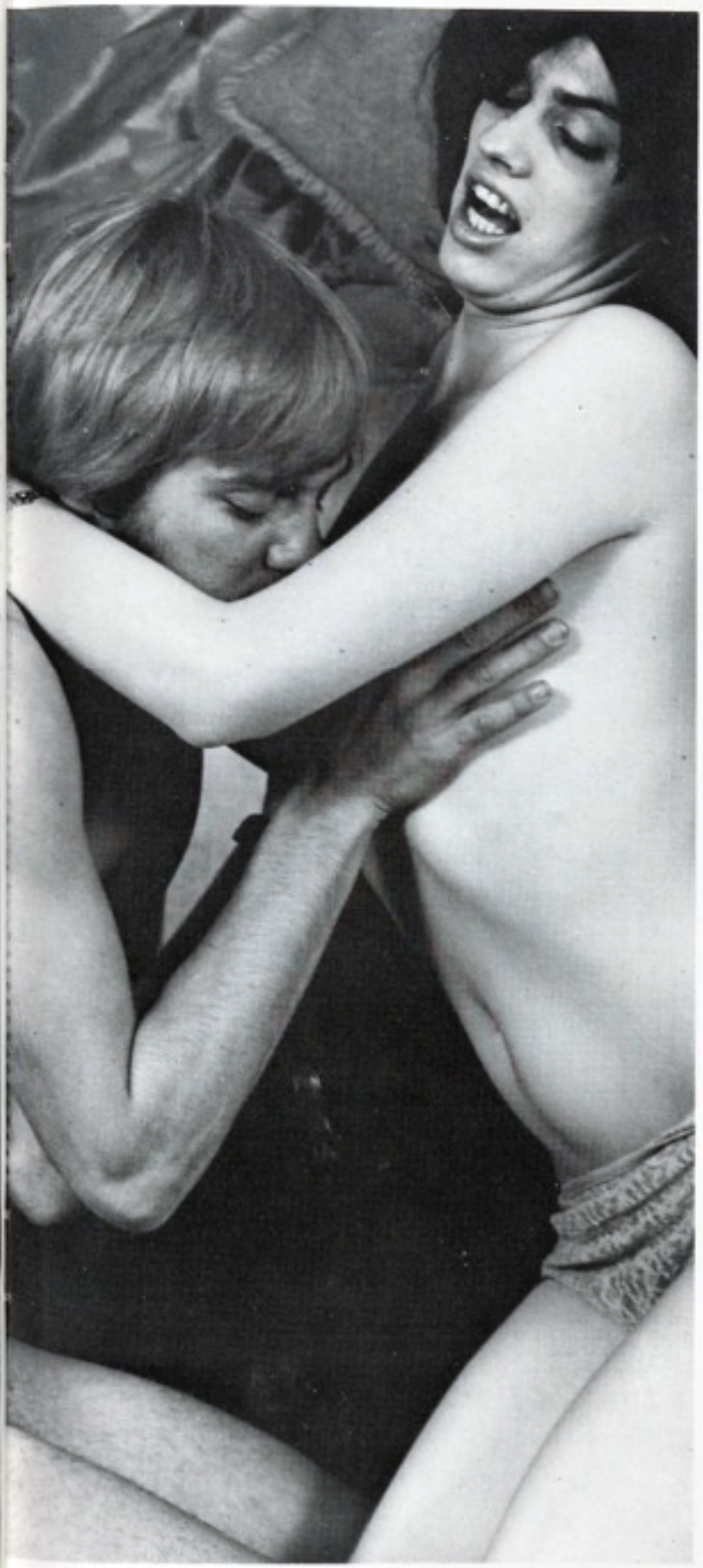
Jan. 9

I talked to my agent again, and he assured me that this was only the beginning. Also talked to Hal Johnson, the producer of the film I'm to be in "A Dream Of Queens," and he invited me over to the studio for a grand tour. It was so different from the sleazy one room productions I was used to in New York. The place was so big and exciting, and the people so friendly. One in particular was very friendly—Bruce saw me with Hal and introduced himself, and since he knows Hal so well, he offered to show me around, as Hal had some pressing business on the set. Well, I really enjoyed the tour, and invited Bruce to the apartment that evening.

Jan. 10

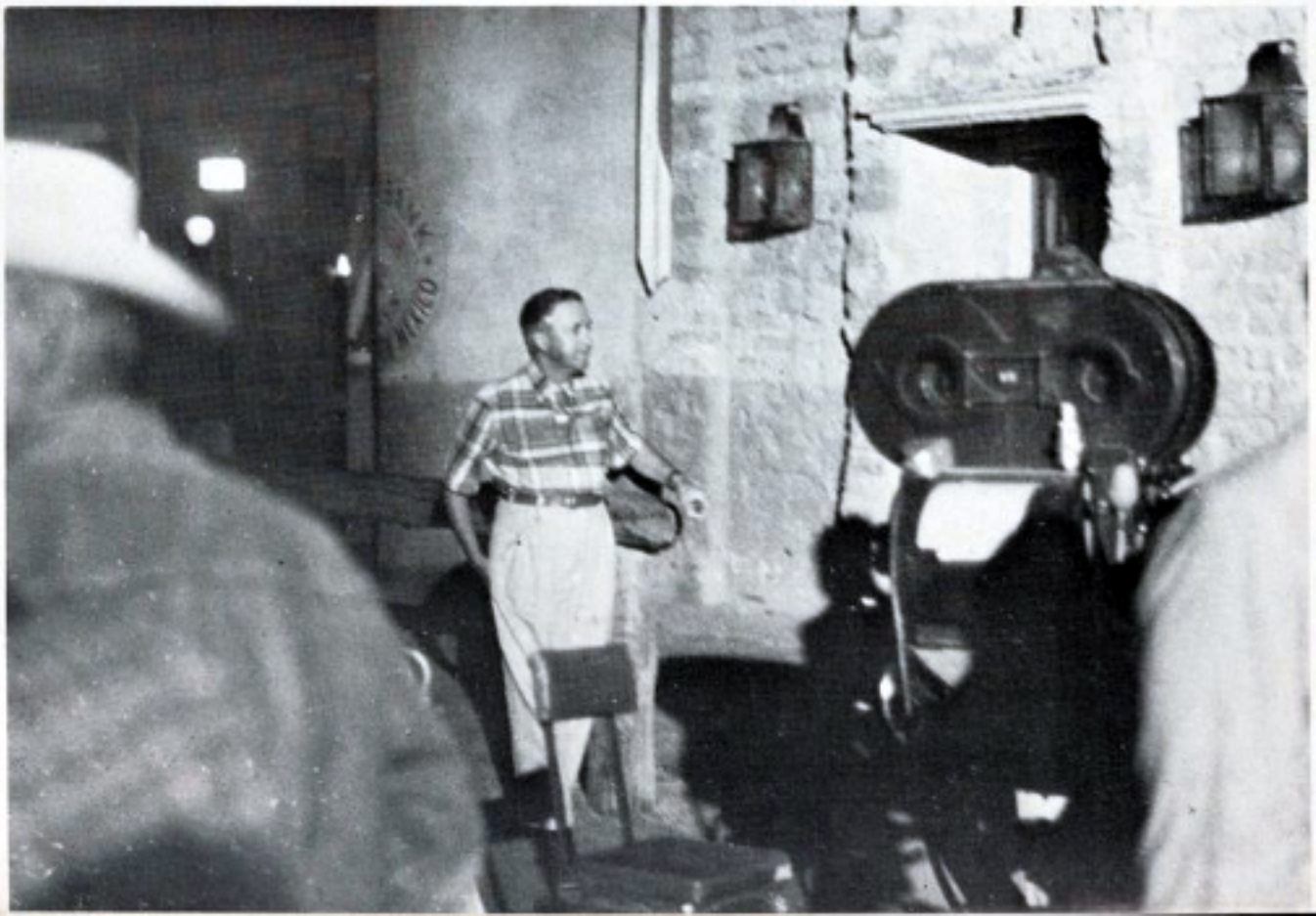
And I thought Bobby and Jan were good! But Bruce is just great! It was like heaven on earth. During the time we were together I couldn't help but think of my two other friends, and felt a little sad that they weren't with us—they would have gone out of their minds! Am I fickle-hearted? Who knows?

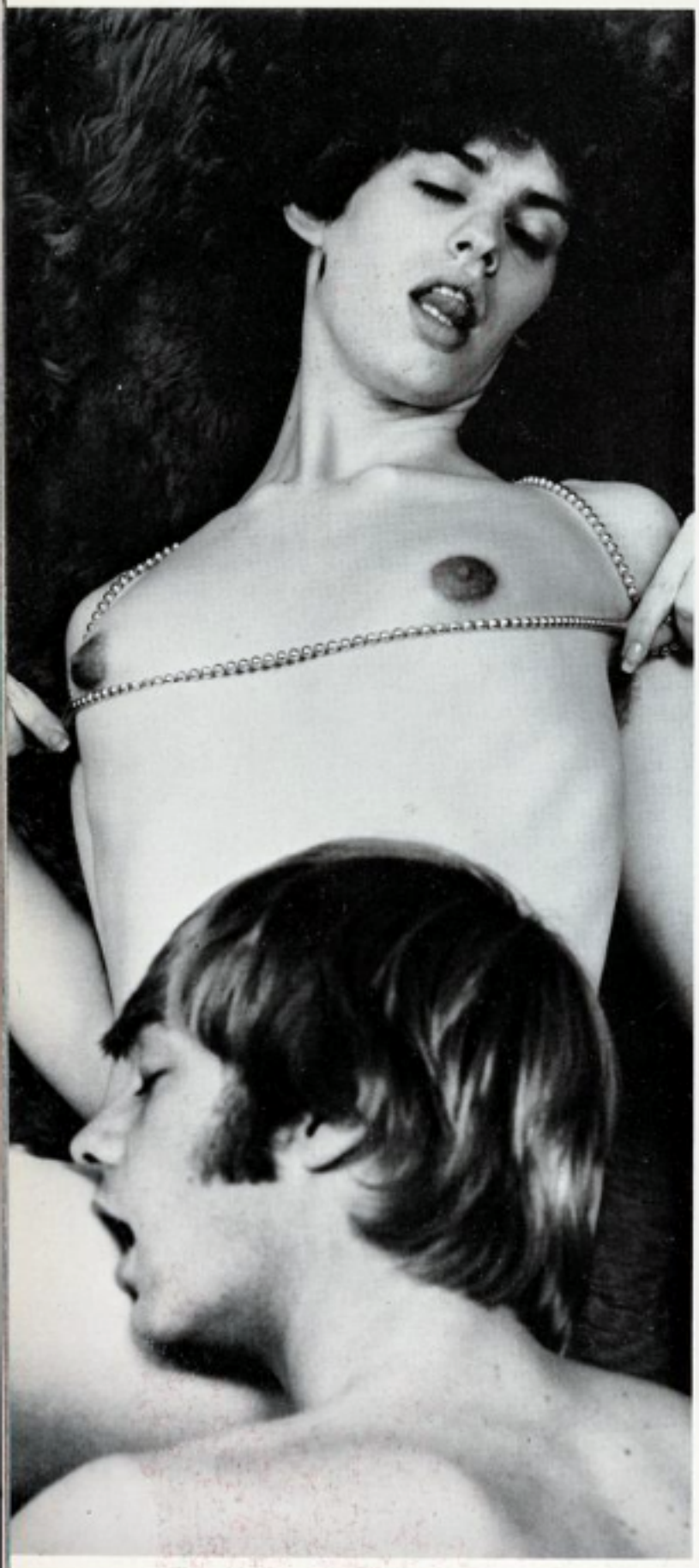




Jan. 11

Hal called today — wanted to straighten a few things out with the script. Seems like my part will be that of a runaway from a reform school who meets a guy in drag one night, and falls madly in love with him. We run around all over the country, getting in and out of trouble, until one day we are caught stealing women's panties, and our game is exposed in public. What Fate!





Jan. 12

What wonderful news! Back at the studio, I ran into Bruce, and he just blew my mind. He discovered today that he was to be my "leading man." Naturally, I suggested we go immediately to my place and rehearse our lines. I've been around a few places and met all kinds of people, but Bruce is just about the ideal I've been looking for. I feel like a little girl with her first love

Jan. 13

Insomnia! Tonight I just can't sleep thinking about the movie, about Bruce and Bobby and Jan, but things could be worse. I could still be in New York shooting those horrid films for Charlie. Tomorrow I report for work, and can hardly wait to be with Bruce in front of the cameras. With all our practice, it can't miss. Pure box office! Here I am patting myself on the back before the fact. But I know this is only a beginning for me—and Bruce. Well, that's all for now—there will be more later—**much** more!